

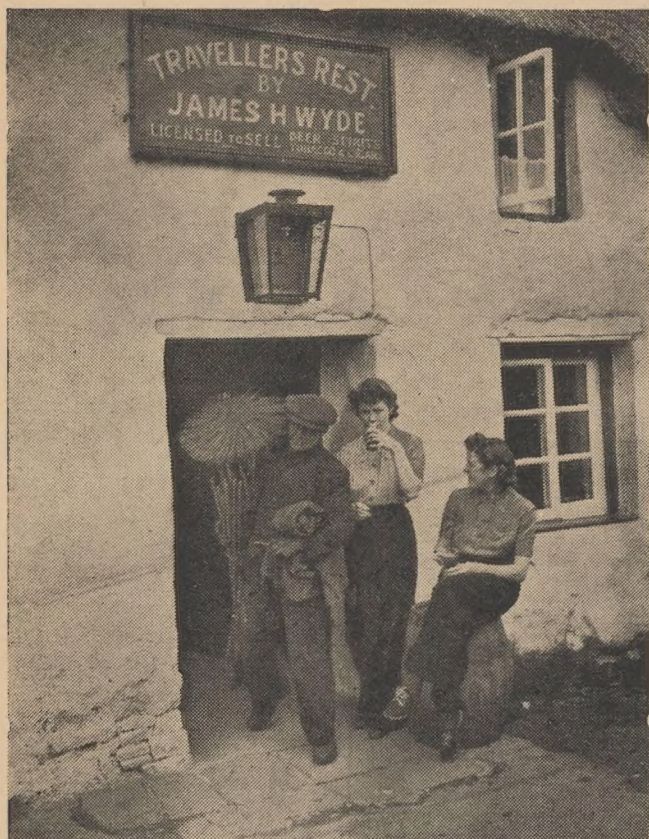
Good Morning

93

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

At the sign of the TRAVELLERS REST

At the top of Caerphilly Mountain this centuries-old inn beckons those with a thirst—for refreshment and history.



THE landlord of the "Travellers' Rest" was tapping the newly arrived barrels of beer. Jim Wyde has been landlord for only a few years, but the old inn at the top of Caerphilly Mountain has refreshed the passer-by, as well as the village folk of Thornhill—five miles from Cardiff—for the past five hundred.

By foot, by pack-mule, by coach, on horseback, came the thirsty travellers, clad in the costumes of the five centuries. And now, and before the war, they came by bicycle, motor-coach or car.

Every Cardiff man and every man from Caerphilly knows Caerphilly Mountain, standing high above the land of his birth. And thousands of them have sat, at one time or other, in the low rooms of the "Travellers' Rest," with a glass of beer, or drunk tea in the little garden with its view across the Bristol Channel to the Somerset shore.

Walls six feet thick

The cool, low-beamed, stone-paved rooms of the inn, with their three-foot six walls of solid stone (in one place the wall is six feet thick) welcome the tired and parched hiker as he comes along the mountain road.

Its thatched roof, low white front and squat stone chimneys wish him good-bye as he starts out again, refreshed and rested. In the bar I found Harry Stokes, the short, wiry little chimney sweep, who for forty-one years has been



Greetings, submariners

"Give the submarine boys a greeting for me. Perhaps it won't be long, now, before they get home for good. I'd like to have another ten—maybe twenty—years of peace-time life before I go."

With his brushes over his shoulder, and his black face split in a smile, he went off to sweep his forty-thousandth chimney—or thereabouts.

Jim Wyde—and Mrs. Wyde—wanted to be remembered to you, too. They expect some of you will be their way when the job's done. You'll get a welcome there.

In peace-time the "Travellers' Rest" is a meeting place for the Ystrad and Pentyrch Hunt. Many a brisk autumn morning the valleys rang to the sound of the huntsman's horn and the mountain sides were spotted with the scarlet coats of the hunt and the fawn and white of the hounds.

The hounds are still in the neighbouring villages, and they hope to turn out again when the war is over and the hunt is up once more. And good hunting to you boys, meanwhile!

They say—what do you say?

THE NATION'S CONSCIENCE.

JUST as in the case of the individual his faith should influence his character and conduct, so the leaders of the Church must, if they are to earn the respect of ordinary folk, draw the attention of the leaders of the State to features in our social life which are inconsistent with the teaching of Christianity. . . . they should fill the role of guardian of the nation's conscience, leaving the politicians to work out a solution.

R. Norman Rork (Hayes).

IDEAS.

IDEAS can destroy: the ideas of Voltaire and Rousseau destroyed the French aristocracy; the ideas of the Nazis destroyed German Social Democracy. But ideas can also build, whereas the sword can only destroy. Ideas have destroyed

slavery and put an end to duelling; they have destroyed the superstition of witchcraft. . . . But ideas have also built: they have built free institutions and democracy—and social insurance and education. It is the power of ideas that has brought us out of barbarism into such civilisation as we have been able to achieve.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

REBUILT LONDON.

I DO not wish to re-orientate London to make a sham Paris, with boulevards and open spaces. I would, with certain exceptions—perhaps the area round St. Paul's—re-build the streets on the old lines; but they should be re-built with suitable materials, be of good design, and present a harmonious whole.

Viscount Wimborne.

The Luck that Beat the Banks

BY W. H. MILLIER

I THINK I ought to state at the outset that I am not one of those gloomy coves who regard gambling as a crime. I rule out the office boy who puts the firm's petty cash on a loser, and the bleary-eyed idiot who gambles with the week's rent or the money that should buy his children much-needed shoes.

If a man chooses to spend his spare cash, that he would in any event spend on enjoyment, by having a little flutter on his fancy, why, by all means let him do so without labelling him a criminal.

That is my view, for what it is worth. My years of association with Tommy Crosspatch convinced me that it is a sheer waste of time to tell the born gambler that he is a born chump. If he is born that way, he already knows what a fool he is, but he goes the same road nevertheless.

Tommy Crosspatch was one of the brainiest men I knew, yet he was also the biggest mug imaginable when it came to gambling. He used to spend days and nights in succession working at a high pitch of concentration to find a method of beating the bank at roulette. How many otherwise extremely capable men have done like-

wise? Thousands, and more thousands.

If he had devoted but a small portion of that time to his real work he would have been much better off. Would he have been any happier? I wonder.

At all events, the gambling fever never left him, and just before he had his last and final flutter he said he hoped they would have a merry roulette school down there when he went below.

Yet in the real sense of the word he was a good man, with a heart that was too big for his body. Only once in all the years I knew him did he step over that border-line that takes men to dishonour, and to gaol if they are unlucky.

In this he was lucky, and, unlike many another in similar circumstances, he never again tempted fate in the same way.

He wanted money badly, and the urge was so great that he shut off the reasoning part of his brain and started off on his mad scheme. He had a full book of cheques and an empty account at the bank.

Waiting for the banks to close one fine Saturday, he rushed round to all the places such as clubs, hotels and restaurants where he was well known, and at each place he mentioned (as if they didn't know) that his bank had closed and could they oblige him by cashing a cheque for ten pounds. He had a remarkable run of success to the end of his cheque book.

Another rush for the Continental boat train and he was on his way to Monte Carlo. He had already made up his mind as to his course of procedure, and nothing would distract his mind. His scheme was wonderfully simple.

He intended to make straight for the Casino and without hesitation to plonk down the maximum sum on one number, and if it lost, to just retire quietly into the gardens and blow out his brains with the revolver which he had already bought for this specific purpose.

The number he had decided on, and nothing would alter that. It was twenty-six, double thirteen. There it was hitting him in the eye at every turn. He looked out of the carriage window, and there was a huge sign in the middle of a field advertising somebody's pills, and above the information that it was twenty-six miles from London. The magic figures were everywhere. Even the train wheels beat out the sound, twenty-six, twenty-six, until they must have been burnt into his brain with a mental branding iron.

At last the seemingly interminable journey came to an end. Never one to bother about dress at any time, he cursed the convention that insisted on dress clothes before one could respectably lose one's money, and no actor ever changed more quickly than did our friend when he reached Monte Carlo.

They were well accustomed to all sorts and conditions of madmen in that princely place of wrecked fortunes, and took no particular notice of the frenzied haste of our friend as he dashed among the queer assortment of gamblers. As if tugged along by an invisible wire, our haggard-looking Tommy went straight to work. Without so much as a "to be or not to be," he planked the maximum stake just as he intended, on Twenty-six.

The spinning wheel seemed to go on for ages; it always does. Yes, it stopped at Twenty-six, and so did Tommy's heart for several beats; but it made up for lost time as he collected his packet.

That he did not stay on to lose the lot is the biggest mystery to me. He came away as quickly as he had entered. In

this obliging Principality the banks are opened on Sundays. Tommy paid in his money to be wired to his bank in London in time to meet all those that would otherwise have been stumper cheques.

But on the way back to London the train wheels beat out a monotonous refrain: "Never Again, Never Again."

Home Town News

UTILITY BABIES.

THEY'RE getting utility babies in Glasgow—according to the latest "overheard in the tramcar" story. A proud young mother was sitting in a tram with her recently arrived baby. A stranger, leaning across in a friendly way, remarked, "A lovely baby, but I see she has no eyebrows." Quick as a flash came the mother's reply, "Ach, aye. She's a utility wean. They're no' born wi' eyebrows noo."

FROM SAWDUST TO FLOWERS.

LITTLE children are brightening Glasgow's most densely populated district of Govan, home of shipbuilding and engineering workers. Disused meadowside sawmill has become Meadowside Gardens, the transformation being made by boys and girls of one of Glasgow's garden companies. With steel hammers and chisels they removed the cement foundations of a saw and crane. They excavated here and levelled there, brought in new soil, got manure, laid out plots of flowers. A lot of hard work, but an ugly spot had become a beautiful garden, surrounded by newly whitewashed walls, and—would you believe the children's thoughtfulness?—a parents' corner with gaily painted seats!

REAL ACTION.

MR. JOHN WHITFIELD, of Wingrove Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, decided to make a model gun for his seven-year-old son Norman. Devoting his spare moments to it for weeks, the day arrived when the proof test was to take place. Small wooden shells, propelled by an ordinary toy pistol "cap," supplied the ammunition.

Firing from the table-top, Mr. Whitfield aimed at a clock fixed to the wall of his home. The first shot hurtled through the air and put the clock out of action. It astonished him. . . .

Needless to say, Norman can only use the gun when Father is around, for fear of causing some damage.

The gun gives a realistic crack with each charge. Taken with the aid of a match, the action picture makes the gun look real.

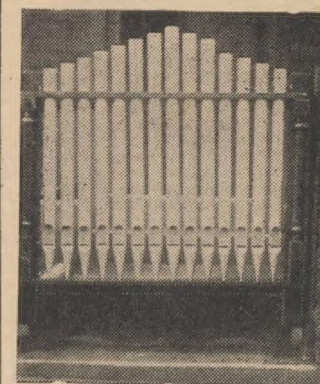


The gun in action.

MUSICAL GATE

MR. F. E. REED, a Bradford man, spends a lot of time making things, ranging from reading lamps to one-stringed fiddles. Some time ago he rebuilt an organ, and then, after dismantling it, he stored the parts in the cellar.

But when the salvage men took his gate for salvage, Mr. Reed was constantly having to chase cats and dogs out of the garden, and couldn't get on with his hobby.



So he made himself a new gate from the wooden organ pipes he had in the cellar, and used the screws from what was left of the organ to hold the gate together.

Now he can carry on with his hobby or else practise on his own one-stringed fiddle without disturbance from animal prowlers.

BOGUS TITLES.

I HAVE become deeply concerned lately at the increasing number of cases of fraudulent assumption of titles—chiefly in connection with matrimony. . . . Unfortunately, there seems to be no remedy at law, as in itself it is not a crime to assume a title.

C. J. F. Hankinson
(Editor, "Debrett").

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY generally is highly efficient, and to be economically engaged demands working on a basis of full production. This condition is enjoyed in time of war, but only occasionally under peace conditions.

W. Craven-Ellis, M.P.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

- 1. What is a galliwasp?
- 2. Who wrote (a) "Eugene Aram," (b) "The Dream of Eugene Aram"?
- 3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Pontoon, Snap, Whist, Bridge, Dominoes, Cribbage, Old Maid?
- 4. What is a berlin?
- 5. Where is the Blarney Stone?
- 6. What is a tea-poy?
- 7. What is meant by a coeval?
- 8. What is the difference between "oral" and "aural"?
- 9. Who was Polly Peachum?
- 10. What is a puck?

Answers to Quiz in No. 92

- 1. An Irish trout.
- 2. (a) Scott, (b) Maria Edgeworth, (c) James Thomson.
- 3. Bernhardt was an actress; the others are actors.
- 4. Max Baer.
- 5. The Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, U.S.A., 3,350 square miles.
- 6. In 1874, by Mege-Mouries, a French scientist.
- 7. Bull-fighting.
- 8. "For Valour."
- 9. Hero of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days."
- 10. 1,467 yards.
- 11. July 4th, 1776.
- 12. One of Job's three friends.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in SHELL-BACK, not RAW RECRUIT,
My second's in RASPBERRY, not in FRUIT,
My third is in WELLINGTONS, not in BOOT,
My fourth is in SPINNAKER, never in YACHT,
My fifth is in GUNFIRE, not in GUNSHOT,
My next's in NORWEGIAN, not in DUTCH,
My last is in GEARBOX, not in CLUTCH.

(Answer on Page 3)

MIXED DOUBLES

A game or sport, and something essential to or connected with it, is "anagrammed" in each of the two phrases below:—
(a) RED CRAB DIGS.
(b) LIKE LAST STYLE.
(Answers on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

IT is quite possible for three batsmen to have their innings closed with one ball, though they wouldn't all be technically "out." Here's how: Nos. 9 and 10 are batting. Owing to an injury No. 9 has to have a runner, and, as is usual in such cases, No. 11, as next man in, is the runner. No. 10 has the strike. He gets hold of the ball good and hearty, driving it back plumb on to No. 11's knee-cap. While No. 11 goes down like a shot bison, the ball goes up, and mid-on catches it. No. 10 is out, caught; No. 11 is carried off on a stretcher and cannot possibly bat; No. 9, being already hors de combat, that makes three men dismissed by one ball!

In November, 1934, in a football match between Storey Brothers and Morecambe Reserves (North Lan-



I WAS present during the continuance of the festival. I daily beheld the grinning idols marshalled rank and file in the Hoolah Hoolah ground, and was often in the habit of meeting those whom I supposed to be the priests. But the temples seemed to be abandoned to solitude; the festival had been nothing more than a jovial mingling of the tribe; the idols were quite as harmless

as if to protect the rude fane from the decay to which it was rapidly hastening. The image itself was nothing more than a grotesquely-shaped log, carved in the likeness of a portly naked man, with the arms clasped over the head, the jaws thrown wide apart, and its thick shapeless legs bowed into an arch. It was much decayed.

The lower part was overgrown with a bright silky moss. Thin spears of grass sprouted from the distended mouth, and fringed the outline of the head and arms. His godship had literally attained a green old age. All its prominent points were bruised and battered, or entirely rotted away. The nose had taken its departure, and from the general appearance of the head, it might have been supposed that the wooden divinity, in despair at the neglect of its worshippers, had been trying to beat its own brains out against the surrounding trees.

I drew near, to inspect more closely this strange object of idolatry, but halted reverently at the distance of two or three paces, out of regard to the religious prejudices of my valet.

As soon, however, as Kory-Kory perceived that I was in one of my inquiring, scientific moods, to my astonishment he sprang to the side of the idol, and pushing it away from the stones against which it rested, endeavoured to make it stand upon its legs. But the divinity had lost the use of them altogether; and while Kory-Kory was trying to prop it up, by placing a stick between it and the pi-pi, the monster fell clumsily to the ground, and would infallibly have broken its neck had not Kory-Kory providentially broken its fall, by receiving its whole weight on his own half-crushed back.

I never saw the honest fellow in such a rage before. He leaped furiously to his feet, and, seizing the stick, began beating the poor image, every moment or two pausing and talking to it in the most violent manner, as if upbraiding it for the accident.

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By HERMAN MELVILLE

When his indignation had subsided a little, he whirled the idol about most profanely, so as to give me an opportunity of examining it on all sides. I am quite sure I never should have presumed to have taken such liberties with the god myself, and I was not a little shocked at Kory-Kory's impiety.

The particular grades of rank existing among the chiefs of Typee, I could not in all cases determine. Previous to the Feast of Calabashes, I had been puzzled what particular station to assign to Mehevi. But the important part he took upon that occasion convinced me that he had no superior among the inhabitants of the valley.

I had invariably noticed a certain degree of deference paid to him by all with whom I had ever seen him brought in contact; but when I remembered that my wanderings had been confined to a limited portion of the valley, and that towards the sea a number of distinguished chiefs resided, some of whom had separately visited me at Marheyo's house, and whom, until the festival, I had never seen in the company of Mehevi, I felt disposed to believe that his rank, after all, might not be particularly elevated.

The revels, however, had brought together all the warriors whom I had seen individually and in groups at different times and places. Among them Mehevi moved with an easy air of superiority which was not to be mistaken; and he whom I had only looked at as the hospitable host

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

He was very fat, and something of a flirt. He was friendly with the heir to the throne, with whom he went as a highwayman to rob some travellers. He loved wine, was always hard-up, used to drink at an inn in Eastcheap, and was friendly with a woman named Doll. After taking part in a battle in Yorkshire, he returned to London, where he died. Who was he?
(Answer on Page 3)

This Scotland and These Scots

O, CALEDONIA! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!

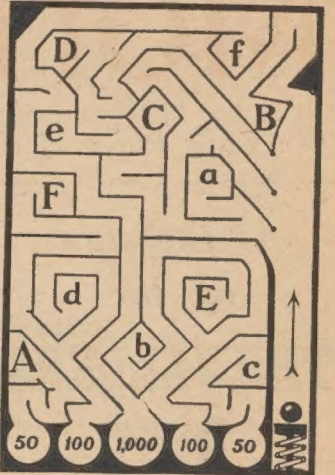
—Sir Walter Scott.



JANE



PIN TABLE



This is a pin-table maze, which can also be played as a game. You start at the arrow, and go where you choose till you come to a letter, where you imagine your ball dropping down a hole. You then proceed from a similar letter in different type, and go on till you score. Thus, if you drop down the capital "C," you come up the small "c" and score 50. If you drop down the small "e," you come up the capital "E," and so on. Each turn lasts until you either score or are returned to the arrow.

WANGLING WORDS—55

- 1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ATHER, and make a word.
- 2. Rearrange the following groups of letters to make some edible plants: ELUCTET, ABBHRRU, CLEYER, AACEGILN, SHIDAR.
- 3. Change RAIN into FINE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- 4. Change in the same way: REEL into WIRE, ROSE into PINK, MINE into HERS.
- 5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word SYNTHETIC?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 54

- 1. ESSentialnESS.
- 2. SOMERSET.
- 3. BEEF, BEER, BEAR, BEAK, PEAK, PECK, RECK, ROCK, COCK, CORK, PORK, RAIN, PAIN, PAIR, PAID, LAID, LAND, BAND, BOND, FOND, FOOD, FOOT, BOOT, BLOT, BLOW, SLOW, SNOW, DARN, DARE, RARE, RACE, RACK, SACK, SOCK, GONE, DONE, DONT, WONT, WANT, WAND, WIND.
- 4. Here, Stab, Were, Wear, Rats, Bout, Star, Rate, Tear, Tare, Stew, Wets, Hear, Area, Sour, Rout, Tour, Heat, Seat, Ware, etc.
Wheat, Tease, Stare, Rates, Beats, Straw, Warts, There, Shear, Sheet, Steer, Water, Waste, Barer, Boast, Beast, Robes, Sober, Hours, etc.

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



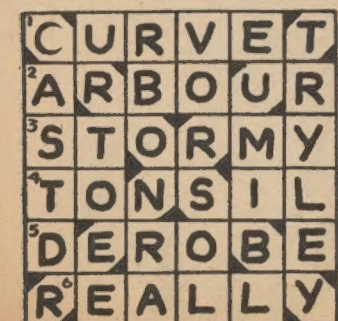
Ruggles



TYPEE

of the Ti, and one of the military leaders of the tribe, now assumed in my eyes the dignity of royal station.

His striking costume, no less than his naturally commanding figure, seemed indeed to give him pre-eminence over the rest. The towering helmet of feathers that he wore raised him in height above all who surrounded him; and though some others were similarly adorned, the length and



Solution to yesterday's Film Stars Puzzle.

luxuriance of their plumes were far inferior to his.

Mehevi was in fact the greatest of the chiefs—the head of his clan—the sovereign of the valley; and the simplicity of the social institutions of the people could not have been more completely proved than by the fact, that after having been several weeks in the valley, and almost in daily intercourse with Mehevi, I should have remained until the time of the festival ignorant of his regal character.

But a new light had now broken in upon me. The Ti was the palace—and Mehevi the king. Both the one and the other of a most simple and patriarchal nature it must be allowed, and wholly unattended by the ceremonious pomp which usually surrounds the purple.

After having made this discovery I could not avoid congratulating myself that Mehevi had from the first taken me as it were under his royal protection, and that he still continued to entertain for me the warmest regard, as far at least as I was enabled to judge from appearances. For the future I determined to pay most assiduous court to him hoping that eventually through

his kindness I might obtain my liberty.

King Mehevi!—A goodly sounding title! Previously to seeing the Dancing Widows I had little idea that there were any matrimonial relations subsisting in Typee, and I should as soon have thought of a Platonic affection being cultivated between the sexes, as of the solemn connection of man and wife.

I had no doubt but that they regarded children as odious encumbrances; and their ideas of domestic felicity were sufficiently shown in the fact, that they allowed no meddling housekeepers to turn topsy-turvy those snug little arrangements they had made in their comfortable dwelling.

I strongly suspected, however, that some of those jolly bachelors were carrying on love intrigues with the maidens of the tribe, although they did not appear publicly to acknowledge them. I happened to pop upon Mehevi three or four times when he was romping—in a most undignified manner for a warrior king—with one of the prettiest little witches in the valley. She lived with an old woman and a young man, in a house near Marheyo's; and although in ap-

pearance a mere child herself, had a noble boy about a year old, who bore a marvellous resemblance to Mehevi, whom I should certainly have believed to have been the father, were it not that the little fellow had no triangle on his face. Mehevi, however, was not the only person upon whom the damsel Moonoony smiled—the young fellow of fifteen, who permanently resided in the house with her, was decidedly in her good graces.

During the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, Kory-Kory—being determined that I should have some understanding on these matters—had, in the course of his explanations, directed my attention to a peculiarity I had frequently marked among many of the females,—principally those of a mature age and rather matronly appearance.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) BRIDGE & CARDS.
(b) SKITTLES & ALLEY.

Solution to Allied Ports.
HALIFAX.

Answer to Who Is It?
FALSTAFF

Education made easy

Conducted by ODO DREW

CORVETTE.

This type of vessel was so named because of its lively gait in stormy weather. The word is derived from "curvet"—to prance or dance.

THE "DE" CLASS.

The names of these new frigates have just been announced. They are: Deplorable, Depressing, Decadent, Decayed, Deformed, Delirious, Demented, Derelict, Despondent, and Detestable.

OPERATIONAL TRIP.

Phrase used to describe mistakes made by young surgeon-lieutenants.

PURCELL.

It was while Purcell was afloat as band-master of the captured French three-decker "Laxative" that he wrote "You are my sunshine" and dedicated it to the Master-at-Arms. On leaving the Navy he joined the Royal Mail S.P. Co., and it was during his service there that he wrote the "Last Post."

POM-POMS.

The red, woolly blobs worn on French sailors' caps. Also used to signify the noises made by manipulators of brass instruments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Country Doctor."—Your client is not likely to suffer any injury to his lungs through service in submarines. Blowing off tanks is done, in all modern submarines, by mechanical means. Only in cases of emergency is "blowing" done by submariners themselves; and then only by men who have been specially examined by a medical board.

"Literary."—If your fiancé is a journalist, he will no doubt be sure of a welcome in the Navy, and will, doubtless, soon find a congenial job and one suited to his talents. One Fleet Street man of our acquaintance is kept very busy answering the fan-mail of a well-known Commander. We doubt if he will, without further training, get on the staff of the ship's magazine.

"Curious."—We know very little about the career of Al Male. All we can say is that he is a defrocked clergyman, whose chief hobby nowadays is steaming savings stamps off children's certificates.

Nelson.

A well-known contributor to "Good Morning." He was not, to our knowledge, ever in the Navy.

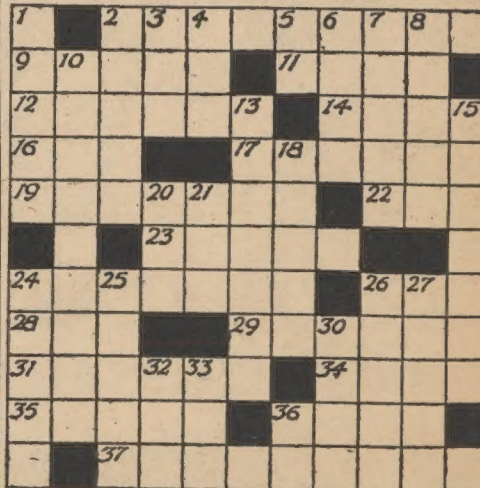
"Organist" (Thryms).—Purcell, not Persil, you silly ass!

"Nurse" (St. Mary's).—Children are not carried on board His Majesty's ships. The "tots" your fiancé tells you he is very fond of are something entirely different.

"Gymnast" (Leeds).—I have never heard of skipping-rope being carried in submarines. You are not, are you, thinking of "jumping-wire"?

To correspondents.—Seekers after information are reminded that they are much more likely to get a civil answer if they enclose with their query a pound of ship's tobacco or a bottle of gin. Those of the rank of commodore, or above, should make it a couple of bottles.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Substructure.
- 9 Flowering shrub.
- 11 Elasticity.
- 12 Make amends.
- 14 Scandinavian.
- 16 Noise.
- 17 Idle talk.
- 19 Occupied.
- 22 Observe.
- 23 Wading bird.
- 24 Dairy machines.
- 26 Remain.
- 28 Male animal.
- 29 Wild ass.
- 31 Joins.
- 34 Apprehends.
- 35 Dry grain stalks.
- 36 Alot.
- 37 Blue-flowered plant.

day's Problem.
Solution to Yester.

COAT SPINEL
ANDANTE ONE
SLAP AWARDS
TYPIST SMUT
L TRIERS E
EMS FLU ADD
A STILLS I
SOLO NEATER
ORANGE CURE
DIG ASCETIC
ASSAYS OENT

CLUES DOWN.

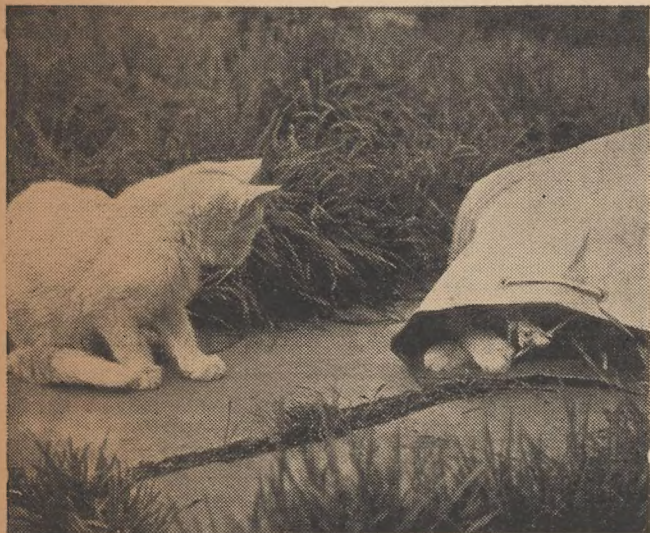
- 1 Forest space.
- 2 Paper for printing.
- 3 Splintered.
- 4 Card.
- 5 For example.
- 6 Droop.
- 7 Egg-shaped.
- 8 Respond.
- 10 Travelling about.
- 13 Printing plates.
- 15 Colloquial eyes.
- 18 Add beauty to.
- 20 Cry of triumph.
- 21 Jewel.
- 24 Discomfit.
- 25 Arab governors.
- 26 Precious stone.
- 27 Revolt.
- 30 Afresh.
- 32 Light blow.
- 33 Female animal.
- 36 Doctor.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WHO'S THERE? ★

★ STARRED



"Don't look amazed, kitty, don't look amazed. Whatever it is, you've got it 'in the bag'—and here it comes!"



This is Dona Drake, boys, of Paramount. Maybe she hasn't the drum, but we think she beats the band, just the same.

This England

Did you say tranquillity? Can you think of anything more peaceful than this lovely picture of the pretty village of Cosmore, near Hitchin, Herts?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



Did I hear a cat callingsomewhere?